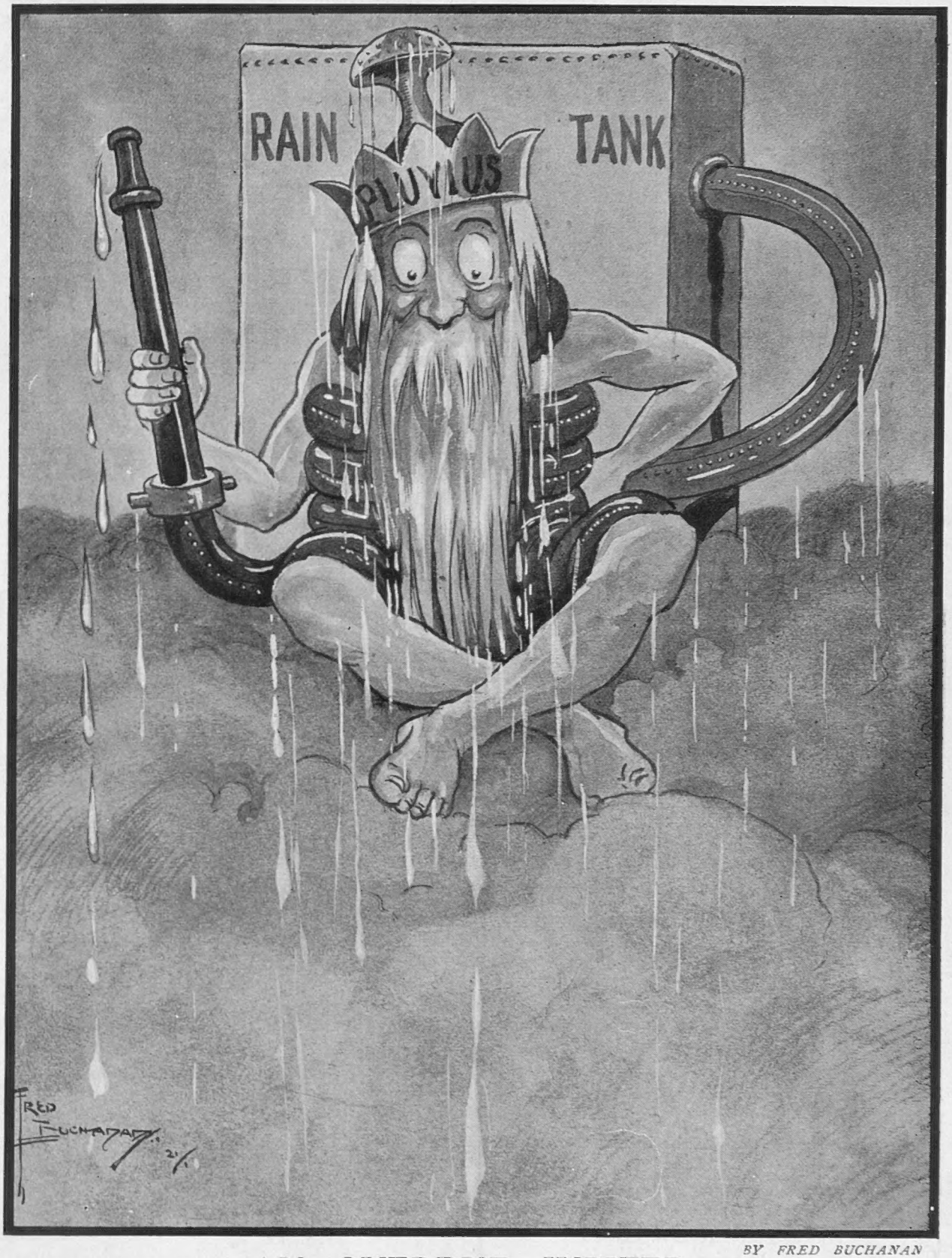
The Bystander, July 13, 1921. No. 919. Vol. LXXI.

The BYSTANDER



BY FRED BUCHANAN

AN OVERDUE JUPITER

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A Comedy by John Galsworthy
NIGHTLY at 8.30. MATS. TUESDAY & FRIDAY at 2.30.

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A Comedy Drama in 3 Acts
WILLIAM RICCIARDI. Marguerite Scialtiel.
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Every Evening, at 8. Mats. Tues. and Thurs., at 2.15.
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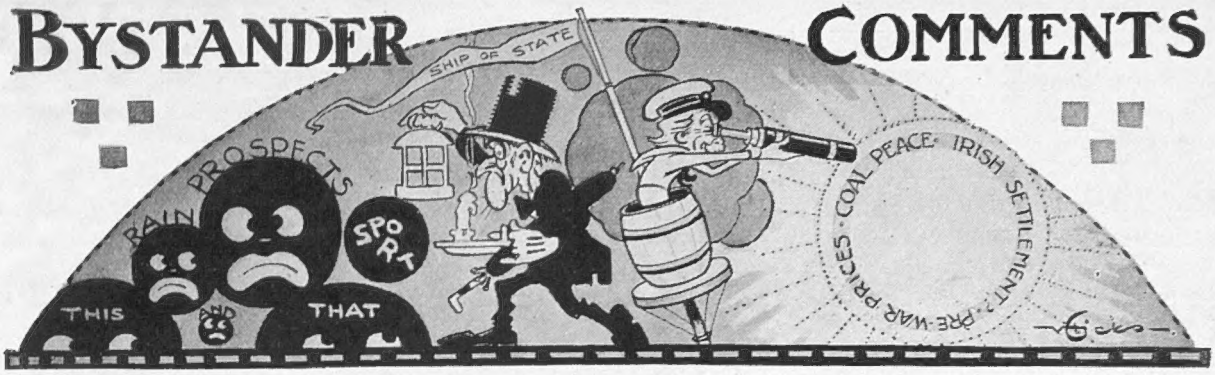
BYSTANDER COMMENTS



By Victor Hicks

The pessimist says things are still looking black . . .
But there's always some grouse to be found;

The fact is the outlook is really quite bright
Considering all things all round.

A Royal Season

England just now might well apply to herself Henley's famous line, "My head is bloody but unbowed." Not even the indomitable Mr. Dempsey could take such punishment and smile through it. And her adversaries have not attacked her one at a time. From coal-striker to tax-collector they have swarmed into the ring half-a-dozen at a time. But surely the brilliant season which is drawing to a close may be called the smile of self-confidence that no blow has been able to quench. A Royal Derby, a Royal Ascot, a State Banquet for our Royal guests—it has been a Royal season from the start. Even the Irish Parliament had a Royal start. Let there be no mistake about the value of this Royal distinction that has marked our doings all through the summer. It is not too much to say that it is the envy of Europe. At no time in our history has our Royal Family been of more worth to us, and certainly at no time has that family been more worthy of its high destiny.

Revival of "Lengthy Epistles"

I have seen it suggested several times that the increased price of postage will perhaps revive the lost art of letter-writing. The assumption is that the penny post and the ha'penny post-card, the cheap telegram and telephone killed the voluminous and leisurely letter of old times, when people had to pay so much for them that they made their letters long enough to justify the expense. There may be something in this, but I fancy that the development of the railways, bicycles and then motor-cars, and the modern Press, have had much more to do with it. Where our predecessors sent long letters, we take ourselves. Modern transport has made it possible for us to spend a day or so with friends or kinsfolk at a distance which, going and coming back, would have taken a coach the best part of a week to cover. Thus we see more of each other, nowadays, and hear by word of mouth what our great-grandfathers were satisfied to read.

The Ubiquitous Press

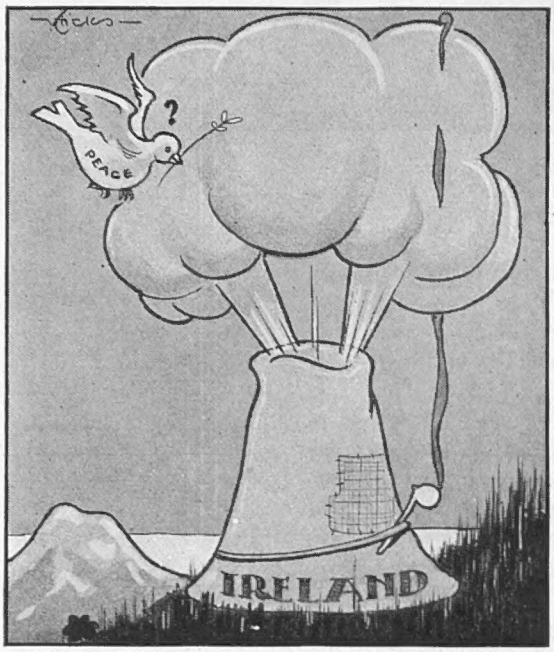
Then there has been the marvellous development of the modern Press, daily and weekly. How many people could, single-handed, write once a week to friends in the country or abroad such an account of what is "going on" as they can find ready to their hand in our principal weeklies—not to mention the pictures of the people and places that for the moment are on every tongue? The daily papers, too, with their columns of gossip about people and events, their London letters, their interviews, their photographs, all provide the material of which the old-time letter was made. Between them, the weekly

By MacMichael

THE SOCIALIST SNAKE-CHARMER—AND THE "CA'CANNY" COBRA

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

and the daily Press have robbed, or relieved, the letter-writers of their job. That Mollie has the measles or that baby has cut a tooth, can be 'phoned, telegraphed, post-carded or scribbled on a sheet of note-paper for a twopenny stamp—everything else of interest that the writer knows, he or she can buy ready-printed and pictured and send it along for a cheap stamp and the trouble of writing an address—and of even this trouble the publishers will relieve them.



By Victor Hicks

The Dove: "Is this where I settle now?"

The Intemperate Prohibitionist

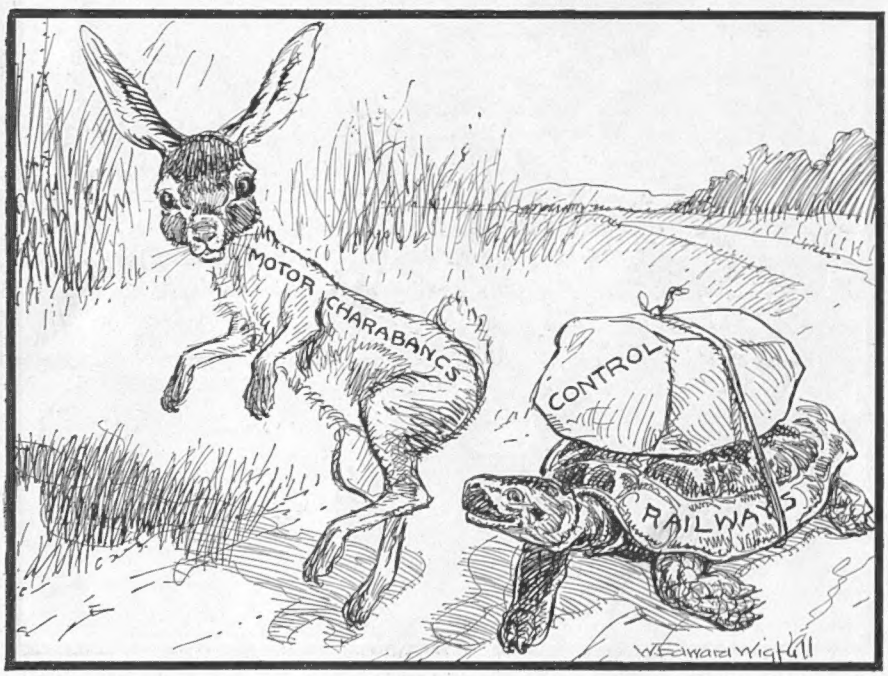
President Harding of the U.S.A. has been good enough to say that the greatest achievement of the English-speaking peoples in the past is that they have spread over the globe "the idea of law as the bedrock of liberty." In these blessed isles we can no longer boast of this, and shall not be able to do so until for D.O.R.A. has been substituted Law. D.O.R.A. is not law. It was an emergency measure for which the need has passed. Now we want "law." We are probably the most law-abiding people, take us all round, in the world, so why not let us have law—and once more order—in this matter of liquor control? Why put intemperate cranks upon a committee whose work is to come to some temperate conclusion on the matter. The Prohibitionist cannot be temperate—he, or she, may endeavour to disguise their intemperance, but it always masters them. You might as well put an enthusiastic cannibal on a jury to decide what is to be done with a captured missionary, as put a Prohibitionist on a committee to consider a Licensing Bill.

Sheer Folly!

Look at the result of doing this in the present case. Everybody gifted with even a modicum of commonsense knows how very important is the great business of London's pleasures. We have seen our visitors, on pleasure and on business bent, fleeing from our shores in thousands, or avoiding them altogether, simply because in other places their liberty is not foolishly, and unnecessarily interfered with. Both they, and we, and our visitors from our own country, want to finish our day's work or pleasure with a theatre and a supper. But the Prohibitionist has been strong enough to refuse us. We are told that we can have a drink at eleven in the morning, when most of us do not want it, but if we want one with our supper we must order it before 11 p.m. and consume it before midnight. Was there ever such folly?

A Reasonable Suggestion

What difference can it make *when* a bottle of wine or a whisky and soda is ordered, provided that a reasonable time is fixed after which it cannot be served? This sort of thing is nothing more or less than the thin end of the Prohibition wedge. Pussyfoot smiles.



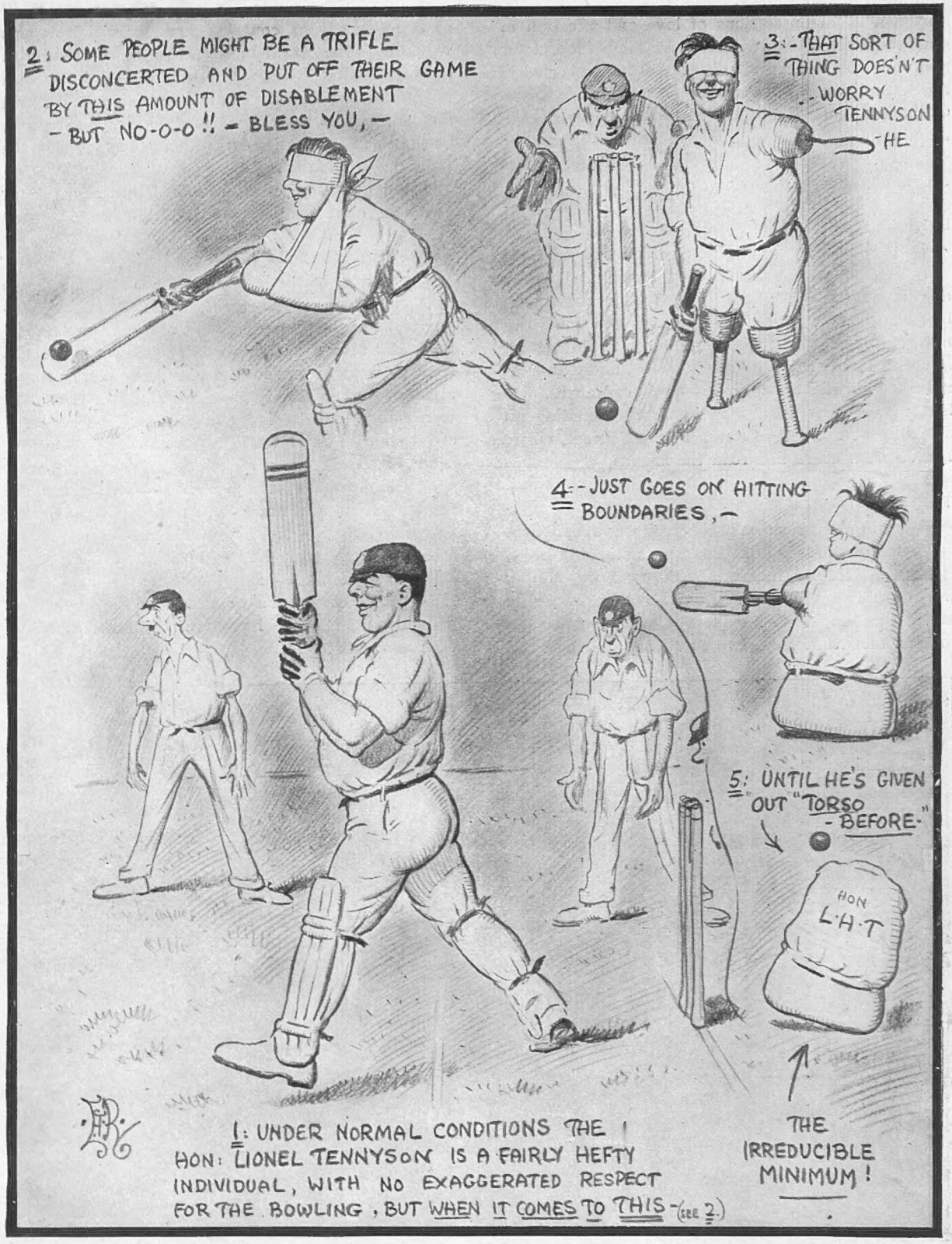
IS IT A WINNER?

By W. E. Wigfull

The Tortoise: "You wait, my lad, till I get rid of this stone"

Sanctity of Clubs Attacked

Clubs, we are told, are to be treated as public-houses in the same locality. I hope that every member of a British club will ponder over this and seek to make his club a propagandist centre. A decently conducted club is a private house, that is the very essence of the difference between a club and a *public* house. If a club is not decently conducted let it be closed—and the same with public-houses. Few would regret them, and



THE INDESTRUCTIBLE BATSMAN; OR, THE SKIPPER CŒUR-DE-LION By E. T. Reed

[*The Hon. Lionel Tennyson knocked up 63 and 36 against the Australians with one hand out of action*]

those few need no consideration. The good club and the good pub. would benefit by their disappearance. It seems strange to me that a Government faced with enormous difficulties, and dependent, as are all Governments, upon the goodwill and temper of the people, should not realise how these petty restrictions irritate and annoy a people that has enough to harass it in a thousand other and inevitable ways.

A Curious Affinity

It has been left for me, I believe, to discover a psychological affinity between lawn tennis and prize-fighting. That there are desperate and courageous contests in each, as in all other sports, goes, of course, without saying. I mean something much more subtle than that. The prize-fighter's ring and the Centre Court at Wimbledon are the only sporting arenas which I have seen give rise to

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

sentimental demonstrations of love and affection in public between trained athletes. At Wimbledon, victor and vanquished leave the court with hand clasped in hand, and with arms round each other's waists. Often, too, have I seen the victorious boxer supplement his handshake with a kiss bestowed upon the vanquished's forehead. But in all other sports the handshake still suffices.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh

THE guests at the Caledonian Ball missed Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who had been closely associated with every Scot in London for more than half a century. Burleigh by name and burly by nature, Lord Balfour, who could trace to Robert the Bruce, led an extraordinarily busy life, and had great influence in the inner circles of governance. He had many other strings to his bow, including an eldership at the Scots Church in Pont Street, where I have often heard him read the lessons.

The Byron Sensation

THE literary sensation of the week was the publication of the late Lord Lovelace's startling book, *Astarte*, which is a furious attack on Lord Byron, who was his grandfather. Lord Lovelace originally issued the book privately in 1905, and its price has jumped meantime from two to twenty guineas; but as the new edition contains new material it is also valuable. The strain of literature in the family is extraordinarily strong. Not only was Lord Lovelace an author, but his sister Anne married a poet (Wilfrid Blunt); her daughter, the present Lady Wentworth, is a poet, who married an author (the Hon. Neville Lytton), who is the son of a poet (the Earl of Lytton) and the grandson of a novelist (Bulwer Lytton). I wonder what Lady Wentworth thinks of *Astarte*?

The Patronising Modern

WE are really altogether too "sidey," we moderns. Professor Flinders Petrie, for instance, at his interesting exhibit of Egyptian "finds" held at University College, is showing some masks such as were in use in the year 4,000 B.C. or thereabouts. And somebody promptly suggests that they were used "to deceive evil spirits." Now that strikes me as typical of our ridiculously patronising attitude. Did you ever know a spirit, evil or otherwise, which was in the least deceived by a mere mask? Then why impute such a belief to the early Egyptian who, it is known, managed many of his affairs incomparably better than we do? It is at least much jollier to suppose that the masks are relics of an early Quat'z' Arts Ball—in the celebration of which the early Egyptian combined religion with pleasure!

Photograph G. P. U.

ROYALTY AIDS THE LONDON HOSPITAL

To swell the coffers of the London Hospital a bazaar was held last week at which Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria kindly consented to be present. Queen Alexandra created quite a sensation by hitting "Aunt Sally" at her first shot

A New Portrait

Photograph *Yevonde*

VISCOUNTESS CURZON

The charming wife of Battersea's Naval M.P., Viscount Curzon, who has recently returned to town from the South of France. She was a cousin of Lord Curzon's before her marriage and the only daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Montagu Curzon. They have two children, a boy and a girl, the Hon. Edward Richard Assheton Penn and the Hon. Georgiana Mary

Photograph BELGIAN ROYALTY IN ENGLAND *Photo Press*

The Queen of the Belgians, with Queen Mary, driving from Victoria to Buckingham Palace on her arrival in England last week. This was Their Majesties' first State visit since before the War

Photograph *Sport and General*

KING ALBERT

Leaving Lord's after the decisive 'Varsity match in which Cambridge outplayed Oxford by an innings and twenty-four runs. King Albert is a keen follower of all our sports, both here and in Belgium

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Belgian Royal Visit

THE end of the coal strike has made all the difference in the world to the visit of the King and Queen of the Belgians. With the greater part of industrial England idle and silent the pith goes out of Royal speeches, no matter how sincere they may be. The visit, too, has given a fillip to a season that has scarcely been a season at all, and the State ball on Thursday will likewise make amends.

Photograph IN MEMORIAM *L. N. A.*

The Queen of the Belgians, among her many social engagements last week, found time to visit the graves of several Belgian soldiers at Kensal Green Cemetery who died here during the War. She is seen inspecting the special guard of honour on her arrival

I see that our newest Marquis, my Lord Curzon of Kedleston, has at length assumed his new dignity. Everybody was beginning to wonder when he would use the title of his step upwards in the peerage. Lord Curzon is a great personal friend of the Belgian sovereigns and may have been waiting to put the Marquis's coronet on his livery and notepaper in honour of their visit—or perhaps the patent has only just been made out.

An Excellent Example

THE re-marriage of Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, has followed closely upon that of her husband to Miss Gladys Deacon. Oddly enough, both former husband and wife went through a civil as well as a religious ceremony, the Duchess being married at a register office as well as at the Savoy Chapel whose padre, the Rev. Hugh Chapman, is one of the few parsons in London who will marry divorced persons.

The Duchess has set an excellent example to other women who divorce husbands of high rank, marry again, and then continue to use their first

husband's title. She has married Captain Jacques de Balsan, and as Madame Jacques de Balsan she will be known.

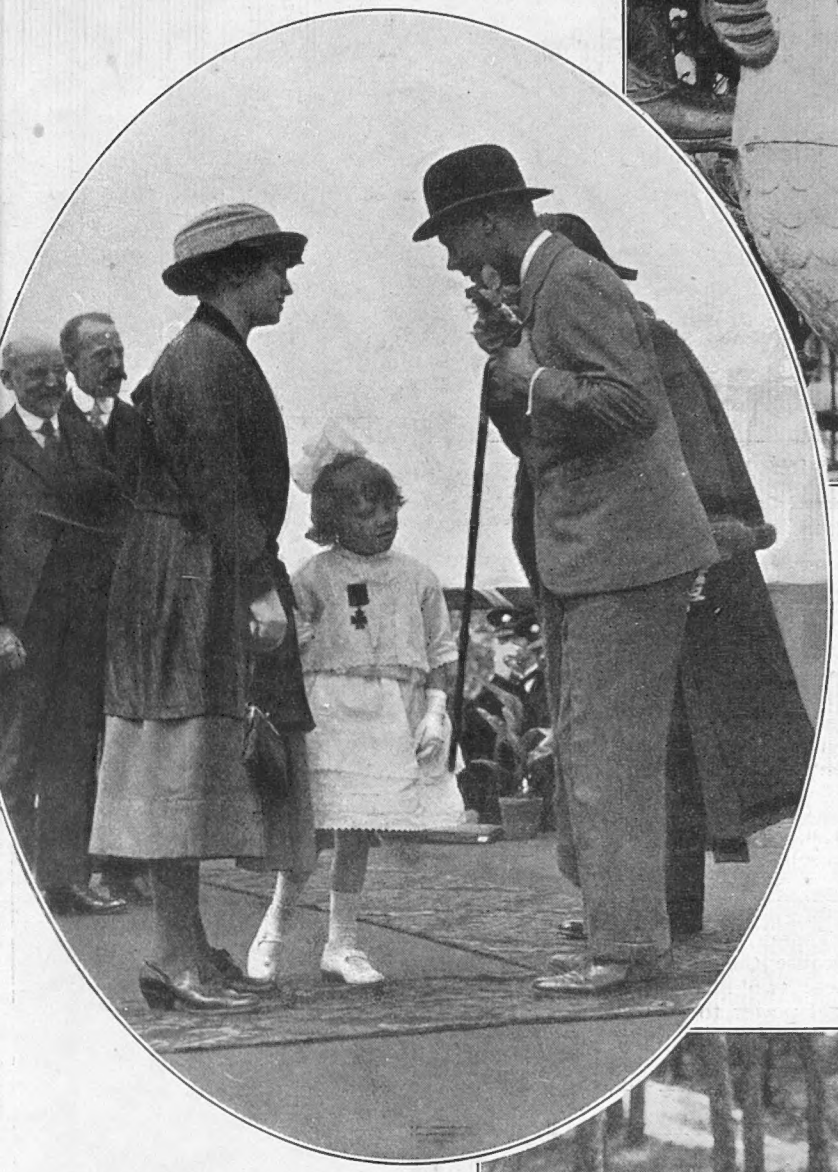
Was It an Attempt to Kidnap?

IT will behove our Great Dames to be careful in their public utterances on Sinn Fein or, at least, to be careful after they have made those utterances.

Some little while ago a very Great Dame stated her opinion publicly that if the men who were perpetrating Sinn Fein outrages near London and in the big cities were flogged after conviction this attempt to terrorise would die out just as garrotting vanished before the cat o' nine tails.

A few days afterwards she received a letter, obviously written by a woman of education, and bearing an excellent address in the West End. The writer thanked the Great Dame warmly for her out-spoken opinion both in her own name and in that of a committee. This committee, she said, had been formed to conduct propaganda which should rouse English people against the danger in their midst. If, continued the writer, the Great Dame would preside at a forthcoming meeting of the committee, her position and her interest would be of enormous help in the starting of the propaganda. The Great Dame was attracted by the idea and promised to attend the meeting.

Back came a letter of effusive thanks, the writer saying she would call in her car herself for



Photograph *Central News*

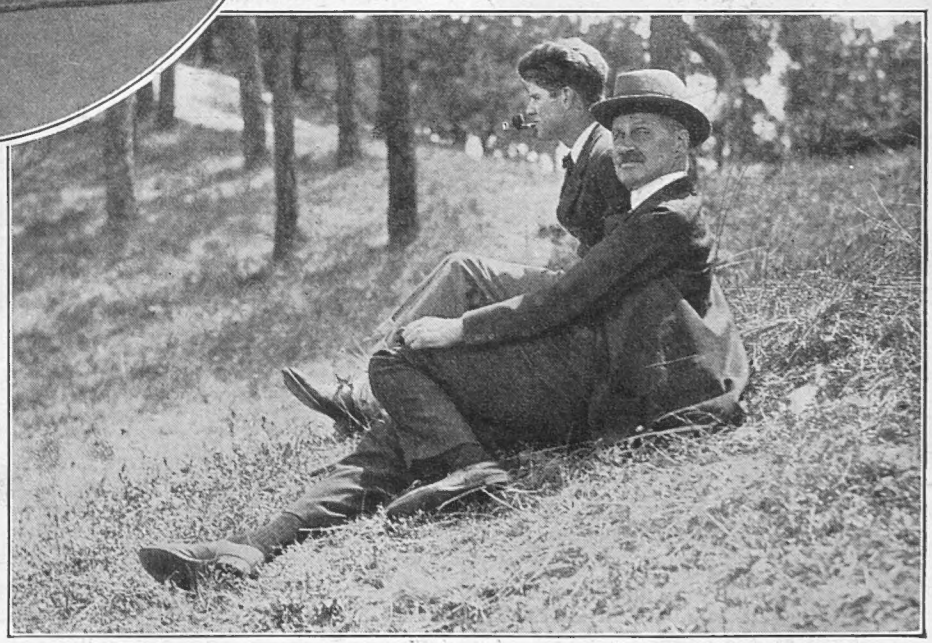
THE PRINCE AND THE ROSE

The Prince had a tremendous welcome from young Lancashire at the Oldham Athletic Football Ground. When Lord Derby presented little Ellen Mills (aged 7) she was wearing her father's V.C., Private Mills having been killed in the War. The little girl gave a deep red rose to the Prince who presented her with another from his own buttonhole

Photograph *Central News*

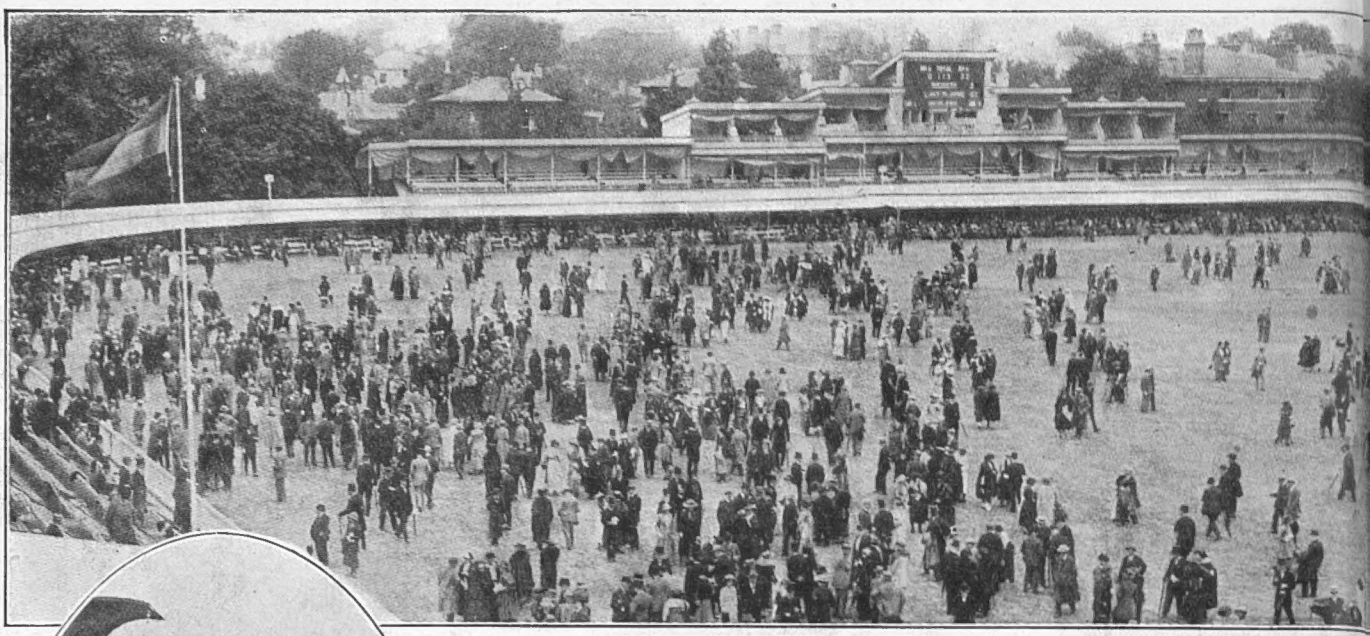
ON THE ROUNDABOUTS AT RANELAGH

Last Wednesday was Children's Day at Ranelagh with all those delightful attractions—roundabouts, clowns, side-shows, and daylight fireworks. Seated on the fiercesome hen is Lady Mairi Hamilton, the youngest daugher of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton



Photograph] **FAR FROM THE MADDING "HOUSE"** *[Sport and General*

Mr. Bonar Law, the late leader of the House of Commons, recuperating from his years of strenuous work, with his son at Le Touquet



Photograph

A PANORAMIC VIEW OF LORD'S DURING THE

The annual Oxford and Cambridge Cricket Match at Lord's ground was witnessed by a large sprinkling of s occasion of two memorable matches on the historic ground, the E

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT LORD'S LAST WEEK

Mrs. and Miss Chaplin strolling over the ground before the resumption of play which decided Oxford's defeat

the Great Dame, and take her to the meeting.

The proposition struck the lady as being odd, very odd. Great Dames have their own cars and are not usually "fetched" by strangers. She mentioned the matter, therefore, to her husband.

He promptly rang up Scotland Yard.

Then a discovery was made. No person of the name upon the two letters lived at the address which was stamped upon them. However, on the advice of the police, the Great Dame wrote accepting the lady's offer to call for her in her car.

On the appointed day plain clothes detectives hung about the Great Dame's door.

At the fixed time a magnificent car approached the house, and slowed down. It contained two men only. The car almost stopped when one of the men leaning forward gave a signal to the driver and it darted off—its occupants had clearly recognised some of the plain clothes men.

There has been much clamour because the police did not arrest these two men, but they had no legal power to do so as there was nothing to show that a "felony" was intended. They took the number of the car—all they could do. At the same time, there is little doubt that if the Great Dame had been lured into that car there would have been another sensational "disappearance."

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

BARONESS MONCHEUR

The charming wife of the Belgian Ambassador, who entertained King Albert and Queen Elizabeth to luncheon last week, as well as our own King and Queen and many other distinguished guests

Photograph *L. N. A.*

AFTER THE CEREMONY

The marriage of Mr. Frank Hird, O.B.E., and Miss G. Sinclair, which took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, last week. The wedding group includes, from left to right: Miss Hird, Mrs. Upton Prior, the bride, Miss M. Sinclair, Miss C. Sinclair, Miss E. Blunt Mackenzie. Mr. Frank Hird is seen standing upon the left of the bride at the back

In the Third Generation

THE marriage of the heir of the great Italian princely house of Pamphili-Doria to an Englishwoman makes the third union of the kind in three generations. The young man's mother, who for so many years was the head of Roman society, and whose *causeries* at the Palazzo Doria on the Corso,

Sport and General

NCHEON INTERVAL OF THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MATCH

iety, the King of the Belgians himself watching the play on the last day. Last week was the on and Harrow match being played on Friday and Saturday

and parties at the Villa Pamphili-Doria "on the hither side of Tiber" will always be remembered, was a Pelham-Clinton, and a daughter of the ducal house of Newcastle.

Photograph *G. P. U.*

PRINCESS MARY

At the Bedford College (University of London) Garden Party, which was arranged to assist the fund for rebuilding and endowing the college on a greater scale. Miss Hermes, the senior student, presenting a bouquet to Princess Mary

Her predecessor at the Palace and the Villa was likewise a great social figure in her time. She was *née* Lady Mary Talbot and daughter of the then Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot.

The Future of Stowe House

It is good that Stowe House, once the home of the Dukes of Buckingham and Chandos, is not to fall beneath the housebreakers' pickaxe. No private person could have kept it up—even if they had bought it. Who has the money nowadays to run a house with a 950 foot frontage? I hope the purchase and the generous gift to the nation includes all the statuary in the garden, the temples, tempiettes, bridges, and gazebos, of which Horace Walpole wrote so enthusiastically. We shall need such monuments to remind us of the beauty great nobles could create before the Government took the major part of their income. They have made it impossible for people to keep up big houses, so the task of keeping them up is popped on to the Government by gift!

Photograph *Sport and General*

LADY MARKHAM

And her daughter at the Oxford and Cambridge match. Lady Markham is the widow of the late Sir Arthur Basil Markham, who died in 1916

Photograph *Topical Press*

MEMORIAL TO CANADIANS

Canada's Prime Minister, Mr. Meighan, last week unveiled at Chateau La Tour a memorial to the Canadians who fell so valiantly in battle at Vimy Ridge. Representatives of the Imperial War Graves Commission accompanied him. In the back row, from left to right, can be seen: Capt. Armstrong (Mr. Meighan's secretary), Mr. Morrison, Col. Goodland, Mrs. Ellison, Col. Ellison. Front row, left to right: Sir George Perley, Lady Perley, Mrs. Meighan, Lady Ware, Mr. Meighan, General Sir Fabian Ware

The Lighter Side—

BY HOWARD K ELCOCK

—Of a Pleasure Cruise to Norway

This summer the Orient Line have resumed their wonderful fortnightly cruises to the Norwegian Fjords. An ideal summer trip in which one carries one's hotel about, and because of which luggage troubles cease to exist. A 15,000 ton liner the "Ormuz" is being used for these cruises. The comforts of the trip on so large a vessel are obvious

OUT TO WIN

AT THE SHAFTESBURY

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

I HAVE always been told that business is business, but I never imagined it was such a grim business as this Apparently, in the leading walks of high finance, anything short of murder is all in the day's work. And I fancy that in the last resort, even that would be regarded as a disagreeable but unavoidable necessity.

ANTHONY BARRACLOUGH has discovered a field of radium somewhere, and just as he is about to set off on behalf of his syndicate to secure a concession to work it, a rival syndicate appears on the scene and tries to checkmate him. The object of the hated rivals is not only to hinder Barraclough's departure on his mission, but also to learn from him where the field is situated, so that they can get the concession for themselves. Anthony's syndicate meet at his chambers in London, and resign themselves to the belief that the rivals will make an attempt to kidnap him and wring his secret from him by all kinds of harsh treatment; but nobody goes for the police, or asks to have the military called out.

THE brainy idea that is evolved is that Barraclough's chambers shall be occupied for the next three weeks or so by someone who resembles him sufficiently to deceive the opposition into thinking they have got their man when they haven't.

THERE is an amiable theory abroad that we all have a "double" somewhere, though in that case I should be disposed to sympathise with mine very deeply. Barraclough's "double" is found on a seat on the Embankment. He is in an extremely seedy condition, and is a little hazy as to when he had his last meal, but it turns out that he has been at Eton, and is merely one of the New Poor who has got the complaint rather acutely. After a wash and brush-up he turns out to be a pleasant-spoken gentleman, and for the sum of five thousand pounds he cheerfully agrees to occupy the place for three weeks and to take whatever is coming to him as the result of this rash act. So Barraclough sets out on his travels, and

his substitute, a young man of the name of Altar (which is not without its sacrificial suggestion) enters into possession of the chambers, and waits for something to turn up.

THEN things happen swiftly. Altar is no sooner alone than two horrid men with revolvers steal into the room and beg him for his own sake to put his hands up. The leading spirits of the opposition syndicate then follow their advance guard into the room, and give the supposed Barraclough to understand, in plain and simple language, that if he does not reveal the secret of his radium field they will be very unkind to him indeed. Finding him obdurate, they take him under cover to a taxi which drives to a place "in the outskirts of London," where he is kept a close prisoner. But where are the police? Haven't we got a Navy? For three long weeks they act towards the unhappy man in a most unneighbourly way. When he tries to sleep, they turn on a hooter in his bedroom. They cut his supply of food down to the minimum, and when he pleads fervently for an extra drink of water, they give him a mugful with salt in it. Oh, they *are* horrid to the poor chap!

ALTAR is all but driven insane by this treatment, but he will not give the information desired (chiefly for the reason that he does not possess it himself). He might, however, regain his freedom by revealing his identity; but this he is in honour bound not to do. As the syndicate has failed collectively to drag information from the man, individual members of it take a hand separately at the game. Mr. Ezra P. Hipps, a typical high-financier, who has always made it a rule to sweep every obstacle from his path, tries to do a little sweeping with Altar. He endeavours to extract the information he needs by pressure on Altar's windpipe, though it seems a little strange to hope to induce conversation by cutting off the supply at the main, as it were. Then Mr. Van Diest, a financier of apparently Teutonic origin, comes to Altar's room fresh from the walnuts and the wine of his dinner-table. He has brought the nutcrackers with him; and his amiable idea is to crush Altar's thumbs by this means until he becomes more communicative. But if things like this can be done to-day on the "outskirts of London," I think they ought to call the Specials out.

GEORGE TULLY

C. V. FRANCE AS HUGO VAN DIEST

FAILING to accomplish their fell design by force, the conspirators seem to have remembered the old fable of the wind and the sun. They try the cooing method. Auriol Craven, a nice girl, who was once a good deal to Barraclough, is let loose in Altar's room, and pleads sweetly with him to tell her all he knows. But he has nothing to say to her. Then light comes to Auriol, all at once. She knows from experience that Anthony Barraclough could never refuse a lady anything. This man has refused to speak. *Ergo*, he is not Anthony Barraclough. Logic is logic, that's all I say!

AURIOL cannot control her admiration of this young man who has suffered so needlessly and so long because his honour required it, and she at once loves him for the dangers he has passed. She will help him to escape. Her car is at

the door, and they can reach it by jumping out of the window, a very ordinary feat for the modern young lady. True, the opening of the window will set up a furious ringing of electric alarm bells; but they have thought of that. They make a dummy man out of a kit bag and a bronze bust, and Altar suspends the combination by the neck from the lintel of the door of his bedroom. When the torturers, aroused by the alarm, come rushing into the darkened room, they conclude, to the amusement of Altar and Auriol who are watching in the background, that their victim has hanged himself in despair. As Artemus Ward used to say: "N.B. This is a joke."

HILDA BAYLEY AND JAMES CAREW

THEN we get back to the real Barraclough, who arrives at his mother's home in Devonshire, having returned from his mission with the contract in his pocket. But the villains are still pursuing him. Just what they hope to be able to do now that Barraclough has got his concession, it is not easy to see; but by this time the story is a little short-winded, and is told in a series of gasps. Somebody shoots and hits Barraclough in the hand as he lands from the boat; and horrid men with pistols creep into his mother's house and try to kidnap him.

WHEN he escapes, there is an exciting motor race for safety. Then Barraclough's car breaks down in the dead of night, and there is a very realistic illusion of the headlights of the pursuing car descending a distant hill; and, finally, vice is vanquished and virtue triumphs in the proper melodramatic way.

MADGE COMPTON

EDITH EVANS AND FRED LEWIS

MR. GEORGE TULLY doubles the parts of Barraclough and Altar, and is thus able to preserve the family likeness very successfully. Miss Hilda Bayley, as the wily Auriol Craven, acts with remarkable force and ability; and a very able study of a German financier is given by Mr. C. V. France. The horrors are piled up till they come very near the thin line that is said to divide the sublime from the other thing; but to those in love with thrills and excitement, and who are not too greedy about probabilities, *Out to Win* makes a powerful and apparently successful appeal. It should appeal no less strongly to the friends of the curious. JINGLE

THE PIRATE

BY DELL LEIGH

To say that Robin Archer was bored would be to dally idly with a word.

He stood rather aimlessly at the bottom of Shaftesbury Avenue, wondering whether the old bores had left the club yet. He was £30 down on the day. H—m! What about getting some of it back, if not all? Sussex Place was a deuce of a walk a night like this—and as for the buses! Still, there would be all known forms of drink there, and those caviare sandwiches. Yes, that was the programme beyond a doubt.

He moved in the crowd towards the pavement edge to cross. As he reached the kerb a closed Ford car slid past him slowly, and a woman who was driving it leaned forward, and said in a low voice, "Jump in, quick; you can tell me where to go afterwards."

Somewhere about the New Gallery she slowed down, and, reaching behind her, opened the door, and said:

"It's safe enough now; where to?"

"Yes, but I want to talk to you, young lady. Who are you? And what's the idea?" laughingly responded Robin.

"I'm a pirate taxi, that's all. Where do you want to go?"

"I'll pull down the glass between us and tell you," he answered, doing so.

He leaned on the sill and tried to study the pirate's face, but there was too much collar to the leather coat, and rather too much night.

"So you're a pirate, are you? H-m! Well, I was going to have a little gamble," and he gave the number in Sussex Place.

She nodded curtly, and the car sped on. Robin continued to lean through and ask questions. She replied in monosyllables, except when he said, "Well hit" as they skidded slightly against the side of a packed motor-bus, when she answered, deprecatingly, "Ye-es, I'm afraid I cut that rather fine."

As they crossed into Portland Place further conversation was abruptly ended by the ominous bumping of the near hind wheel.

"Are we down?" asked the pirate, "damn." She drew into the kerb, and untucked herself from the front seat.

Robin got out on to the muddy road, and began taking off his gloves.

"Oh, no," said the cool voice, "you don't have anything to do with this. This is my job." And she got to work with remarkable efficiency.

"Yes, but, hang it, I must help you!" expostulated the amused man.

"You wouldn't if it was an ordinary taxi," replied a steady voice as she bent to the jack.

"But you are not an ordinary taxi. Quite the contrary." He was by this time unaware that a steady drizzle of rain was ruining his opera hat, or that he stood in mud of the consistence of porridge. All that he was acutely alive to was the spasmodic glimpses of a sturdy little head bent to its job, of two skilful hands, of a neat figure swathed in leather, and of two very small feet in brown brogues.

"Well, that's that," she said, when another wheel was on, wiping her hands on cotton waste and facing him on the kerbstone. "I'm sorry to have kept you. Not that it matters much, though, what hour you arrive *there*."

Robin, lighting a cigarette, glanced keenly at her over the match. He saw two steady grey eyes looking him over appraisingly. There was a tinge of contempt in her voice as she referred to his destination.

"I was—er—going to have a slight gamble, that's all," he said, lamely; "do you know the place?"

"Oh, yes," she laughed shortly, and held open the door for him.

Precious little this young woman didn't know, mused Robin, as they went on. His desire for the warm, luxurious rooms in Sussex Place and the caviare sandwiches had evaporated somewhat. He was much more interested in the face beneath the leather cap in front of him. There was something entrancingly unusual about this slip of a woman, almost a girl, driving men through the gloom to their night haunts, and yet driving them with an air of quiet self-possession which brooked no liberties. Very curious. Who, and what on earth could she be?

They turned into Sussex Place and she stopped three doors away from the right house. It was then that Robin noticed there was no flag, no taximeter.

"Thank you so much," he opened his coat. "What do I owe you, please?"

"Whatever you like," was the cool reply. She was gazing steadily ahead of her. There was no engaging smile, nothing.

He gave her a ten shilling note. It seemed little enough, a night like this.

She took it with a quiet "thank you." Then she leaned slightly towards the kerb and, pointing to a house ahead, said gravely, "I shouldn't if I were you—not to-night, anyway."

"Why? I am only going to try my luck at baccarat. I've had a rotten week's racing." Again he realised there was a note of self excuse in his voice. Dash it, what business was it of hers, anyway?

"Besides," he added, shortly, "I want a drink rather badly."

Her gloved hand fumbled nervously on the steering-wheel.

"It seems a pity, decent men going there—you'll lose. If it's a drink you want. I can give you a cup of hot cocoa in the garage, rather than you should——" she stopped suddenly.

"How very nice of you," responded Robin, readily. "That is just what I *should* like."

Now he would see this woman in a proper light, and get to the bottom of the mystery. This would be more amusing still, and he got back into the car. She drove on without a further word, and a few minutes later they bumped on to the cobble stones of a mews.

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(Continued on page 74)

Some Cricket Novelties

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

TO BE INTRODUCED NEXT SEASON—*Official*

For the Assistance of Fielders and Batsmen

"THE PIRATE" (*concluded*)

"Here we are," and she slid back the doors of a garage. "I ought really to wash her to-night, but I shan't."

She turned up the light and took off her coat, disclosing a rather soiled flannel blouse and a rough herring-bone skirt. There was a mechanic's bench, the remains of a moribund fire in a rusty fireplace, and the usual impedimenta of a garage. Robin pointed rather ruefully at the fireplace.

"That's all right," she laughed. "I've got a gas ring. You can sit on one of those boxes," motioning to two packing cases up-ended by the fire. Woman-like, her first thought had been for a cracked looking-glass hanging on the wall, before which deft touches were made. Then she turned towards him.

"Cocoa, gorgeous! In two minutes. There is no charge for this," and again she laughed, and Robin, whom nothing escaped, noticed the strong white teeth and the stubborn little chin, the clear skin and the fine grey eyes.

Devilish pretty woman, he thought, his spirits rising. Too nice for that kind of game, glancing at the filthy car outside.

"May I smoke? No petrol near here is there? You say you are a pirate. I don't understand that. Why shouldn't you drive for hire, like everyone else?"

"No reason at all," she was busying with tea-cups and spoons at the mechanic's bench. "I've got a licence, of course. But I don't carry a flag, and I'm —er—rather expensive. I don't drive women, if I can help it. As you see, I leave the amount of the fare *to* the fare. But I pick my man rather carefully."

"Surely," said Robin, "that lays you open to a lot of liberties being taken, doesn't it?"

"They don't take them twice," there was an angry little gleam in her eyes as she reached for a cocoa tin on a shelf. "Besides, as I say, I drive only gentlemen, as far as possible. They are usually very sweet to me—sugar?"

"Does it pay?" asked Robin, thoroughly interested. "By Jove! this is good cocoa."

"Pay?" she replied, sitting down rather wearily on the packing-case opposite him, "Oh, yes, it pays. It's a bad week if I don't take ten pounds. But I only work at night, of course."

"Why?"

"Well," she shrugged, "the night supplies a certain amount of camouflage, and — er — I don't know." She kicked the dying embers of the fire savagely.

Robin noticed deep shadows of fatigue about her eyes as she spoke. Her face was strained and pale. His instinct told him that his welcome ended here, and he rose.

She rose, too, and held out her hand. "Good night, and thank *you*."

Robin held her hand for a moment quite gently and nicely.

"Won't you take a night off, say to-morrow, and come and dine with me? I should so like to hear of your adventures, and I will be quite good. I, too, am rather lonely, just now." She looked narrowly at him, studying him.

"You are very kind. Yes, I should like to. I'm not booked to drive anyone to-morrow. Where do you want me to dine? I mean, shall I dress?"

"That is for you to say," replied Robin, "just as you like. The Savoy or Soho. I don't care."

"Oh, let us change, it's such a relief. The Savoy, then. Eight? Thank you so much."

. . . . . .

Robin chuckled as he waited for her in the lounge. He did not even know her name, nor she his. He probably wouldn't recognise her. Oh, yes, bound to, it was such a charming face, and the low, attractive voice; she had only to speak—a quite unusually attractive voice. And as he thought about her she came towards him from the cloak-room.

She was dressed in maroon colour, and wore a broad, old-gold brocade band in her dark hair, and little gold shoes. All the calm self-possession of a woman of breeding was there, and a glad smile as she saw Robin.

"You must know your host's name," laughed Robin. "It's Archer, Robin Archer; and yours, since we dine together?"

"I'm late, I suppose?" she replied, ignoring his question, "I usually am, I'm afraid, except when on duty. How nice and restful this is," and she glanced calmly about at the many faces.

Robin had ordered a very excellent dinner, and became more and more interested and impressed as he learned from that charming voice a little of the pirate's night vicissitudes and adventures.

"But why do you do it?" he asked, suddenly, when they had poured out coffee.

She shrugged a white shoulder. "One must live. I—er—divorced my husband last year. I could bear it no longer. Need I say any more?" She glanced up appealingly.

"No, you needn't, you poor thing," replied the sympathetic Robin, "but I really must know your name."

She hesitated, toying with her spoon. "My name is Mrs. Langfrier," she said.

"Langfrier? Langfrier? Why it was Langfrier's club I was going to last night. They raided it, by the way, early this morning. I suppose you saw?"

She nodded.

"No relation, I suppose?" smiled Robin. Langfrier was a man of an international reputation.

"He was my husband," she answered, quietly, "once," and she shuddered. Light suddenly broke upon Robin. "I say, you didn't, by any chance, know they were going to raid that place last night, did you?" He bent towards her. "Because if you did it was a most awfully decent thing to do to keep me away."

"Yes, I knew. A pal of mine at Scotland Yard, whom I sometimes drive, indiscreetly told me so. It seems there are—er—other charges, too. I thought it such a pity that a nice person like you should be implicated. That is why I—offered you cocoa instead." She lowered her eyes to her plate.

"You are a dear," said Robin, looking at her with deep admiration. "In what way can I thank you?"

"By changing the subject, please."

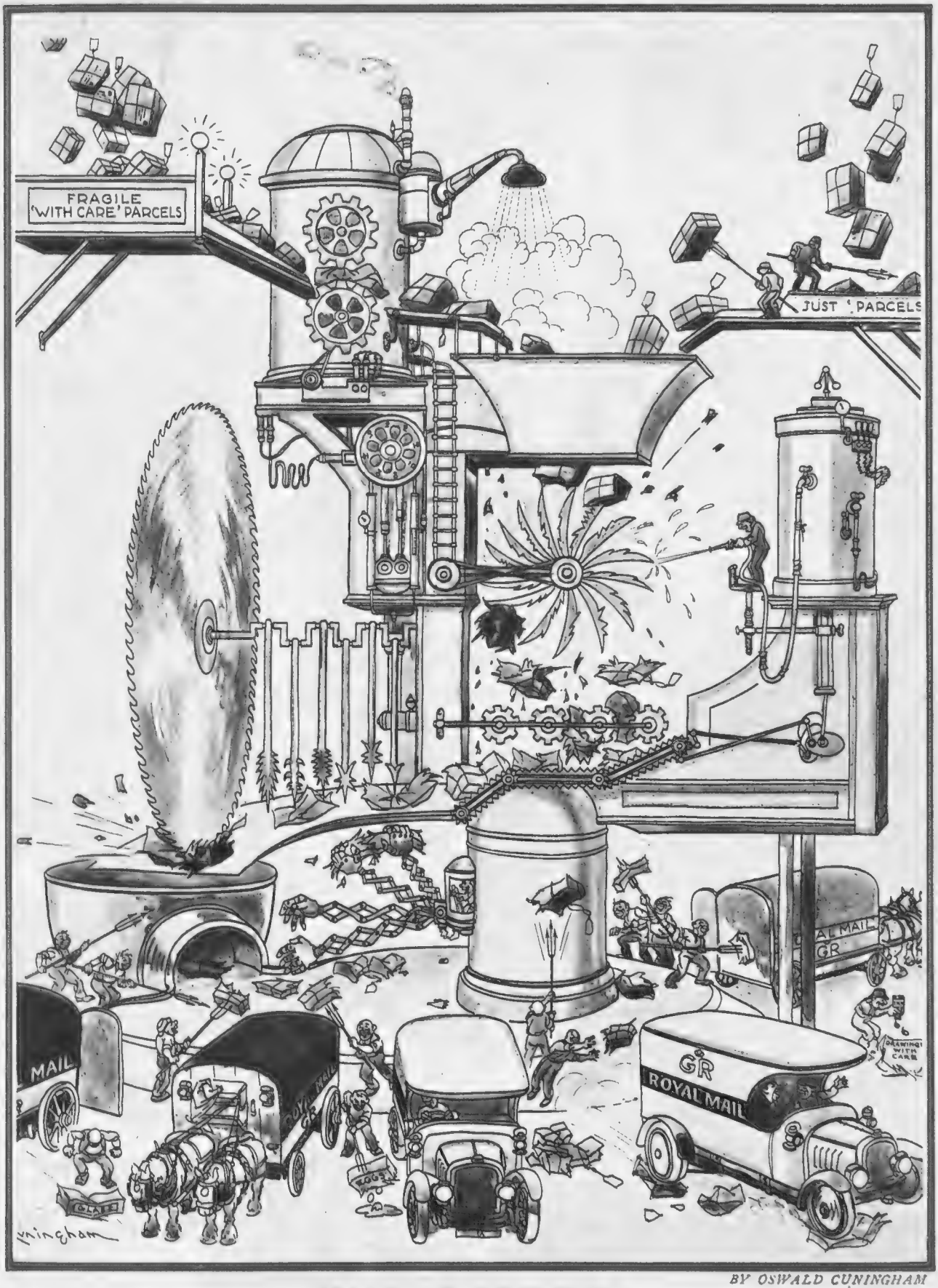
Robin did. And later they went on to a theatre followed by a most delightful dance.

. . . . . .

They continually do both now. And Mrs. Robin Archer's new Armstrong-Siddeley, with the inside drive, can be frequently seen in the Savoy courtyard. And cocoa is often brewed, at night, in her garage, although the chauffeur conceals his disapproval with difficulty.

DELL LEIGH

Now You Know Why



BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

STARTLING DISCLOSURE

Secret machine used at the Post Office for smashing parcels

"Paris-Sur-Rhin"

BY "LE FLÂNEUR EN OCCUPATION"

A CHANGE has come over the aspect of Cologne. In the Officers' Club, khaki is swamped by masses of horizon blue, even the gay brassards of a de-tabbed general staff being unable to keep up the unequal colour-contest. In the Hohestrasse sports jackets and brogues are making room for "creations" and high heels. The British Rhine Watchers have sent a large contingent to keep an eye on M. Korfanty and his friends in Silesia, and Paris has joyfully set foot at last in the promised land of Cologne.

The Rhinelander prudently keeps his views of the change pretty much to himself. The Hohestrasse shopkeeper, though replacing "True British Stoff" in his window with "Fabrikation Française," does so with a heavy heart. Said one of them to a traveller from unoccupied Germany:

"The Englishwoman comes into my shop to buy a pair of gloves. 'Not that rubbish,' she remarks in a regal manner, 'I want the very best quality.' She gets it, and only when they are packed up does she enquire the price. As she joins her husband, the Herr Corporal, on the doorstep, I hear her say, 'I don't suppose he'd dare ask that price from a German, but I don't mind, because they're just what I want.'"

"The Frenchwoman demands a pair of gloves *pas trop cher*—beats the price down (almost to what I would ask a German), and, after trying on half my stock, departs empty-handed, remarking to her husband, the Colonel, 'Les sales Boches restent toujours voleurs—ils font les prix pour nous faire payer leur indemnité. On doit prendre les gants pour un bon de requisition, comme ils faisaient eux-mêmes en France.'"

"That fat old thing in uniform that the others are so scared of"

Leipzig is distinctly out of favour with the Rhinelander. Though he sometimes mutters things about pots and kettles, he is all for seeing the Prussian militarist kettle scraped, and not whitewashed, even if he cannot have the cleanliness of the Allied pot investigated. Men like that apologist of Prussianism *in excelsis*, General Franzecky, have left their mark (literally) on many a wretched German ex-soldier, as on our boys, and "String 'em up" is the general verdict on the Rhine.

An American lady tells a personal experience of one of this gang. It was:

"In days of yore, before the war,"

that she went with her son of nineteen to stay at a Potsdam hotel, where the officers and their wives from a neighbouring cavalry school also took their meals. After dinner a stern-visaged Frau Lieutnant approached her.

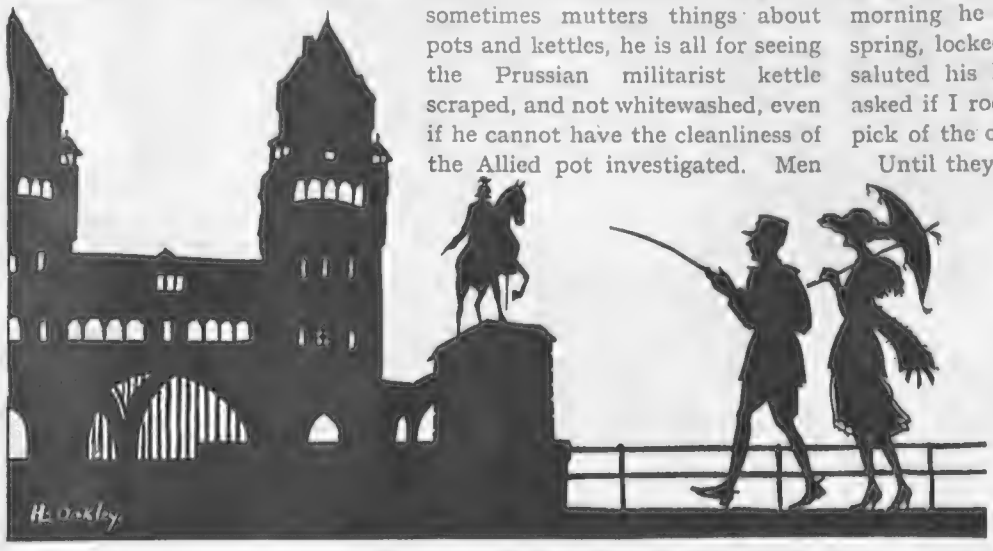
"Are you aware," she said, "that your son has been guilty of a terrible breach of manners? He entered the dining-room without saluting our Colonel, and sat down without his permission."

"Are you aware, Frau Lieutnant," returned the indignant American lady, "that my son's position in our country can be compared here only with that of your Crown Prince—that he ranks second only to the President of the United States?"

Next morning her boy, to whom she had not mentioned the incident, said, "Mother! There's something up with that fat old thing in uniform that the others are so scared of. When I saw him this morning he shot up like a steel spring, locked his spurs and nearly saluted his helmet off. Then he asked if I rode, and offered me the pick of the cavalry school horses."

Until they left three weeks later the son rode daily the pet mount of the fat colonel, who was amiability itself. But when—if ever—he discovered that *every* American citizen is second only to his President, he must have made it distinctly uncomfortable for the Frau Lieutnant.

ERIC GORDON



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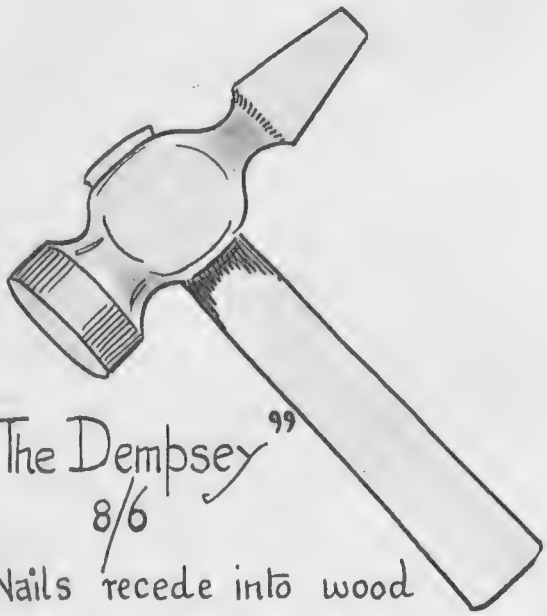
The Boxing Boom



"The Dempsey"
8/6

Nails recede into wood on the approach of this hammer

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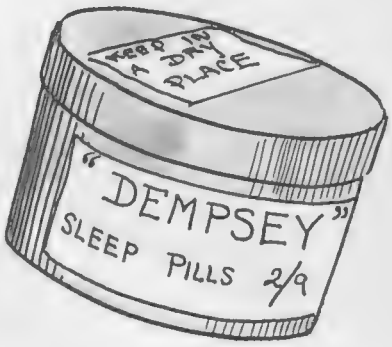

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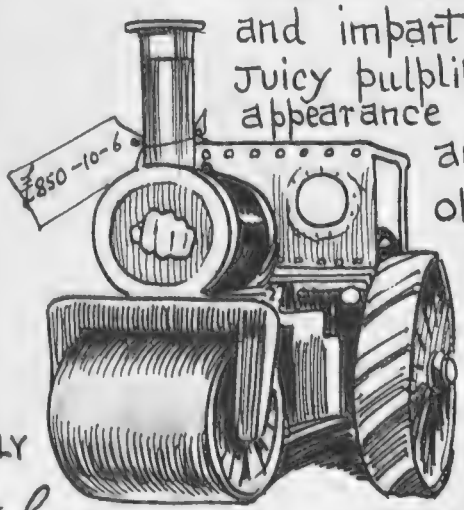

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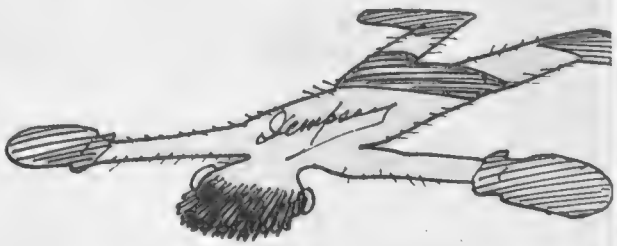


None genuine without the signature

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

THE INEVITABLE RESULT OF MR. DEMPSEY'S VICTORY

A Very Queen of Grace and Charm

Photograph *Dorothy Wilding*

LYDIA LOPOKOVA

The première danseuse of the Russian Ballet which has had phenomenal success at the Princes Theatre. Mme. Lopokova in "Les Papillons" is the very embodiment of a temperamental, tempestuous, fairy-like little butterfly, who captivates you at the first flutter of her wings

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

THE GRANDE SAISON WITHOUT THE CHIC.

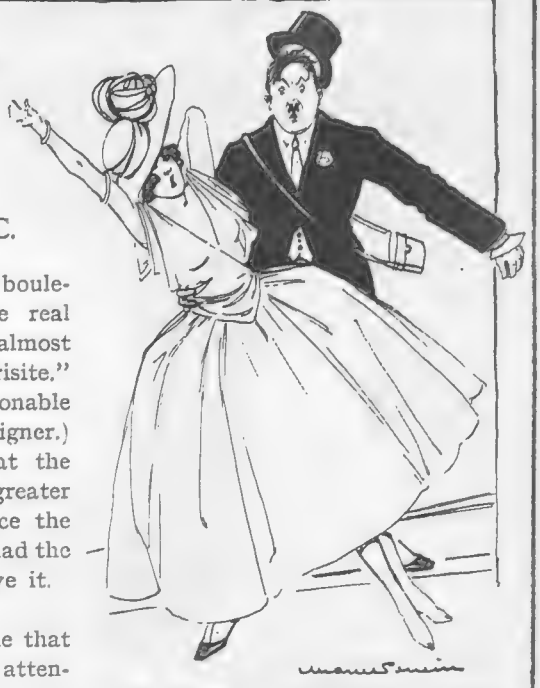
MES AMIS—

ONE has had to jump about so much this season that it really is difficult to know whether one is in Paris or out. It has been the biggest puzzle of a season that one has, perhaps, ever known. And not many people can be got to agree that there has been any season at all. Except the richest of the newest newcomers, and they do not know a single thing about seasons. They know only what has happened to themselves. So long as they have had the good time—and that is not difficult with the amount of money they have been able to throw about—they have said that that was the "season." But the old leaders of the fashion and the movements have been most exceptionally restrained this springtime, and the *grande saison* has been without the *chic*.

WHEREVER one has gone it has been the feverishly frivolous few who have essayed in the frantically fiercest fashion to make the big push. But they have not been able to spread the swirl beyond their own little pools. They have rather remained as backwaters in despite of the desperation to swish to the front. It is not untrue to say that the season has been hectic, but it is also true to say that it has been drab.

ONE has searched for the causes that have led to the peculiarities of this strangest of seasons. But even for the experienced there have been so many contradictions that it is not quite possible to be emphatic. For the old boulevardier it is because the real Parisian has been pushed almost out of the sight by the "Parisite." ("Parisite" is the fashionable slang for the transient foreigner.) Certainly it is true that the Parisian has been in the greater obscurity this year than since the Armistice. And he has not had the great encouragement to leave it.

IT is of the most probable that the real Parisian was in attendance in great numbers at the Grand Prix, and, if the favourite Ksar of Madame Edmond Blanc had fulfilled the expectations, he would probably have leaped from his concealment to cry his delight for a French victory. But the English Lemonora has galloped home a most easy winner, and the saddened Parisian has had to stay silent in his gloom. It has not been a joyful crowd through which Lord Derby has pushed his way to shake hands with the jockey, Childs, and say, "Well done, my lad." All may have been very well for Lord Derby, the hundreds of English who had dashed over for the week-end, and for the hundreds of Americans who had been given the right tip by their islander cousins; but for the scores of thousands of French people who had made the heavy plunge on the favourite the triumph of the unapproachable Lemonora meant the very thin pockets for a day or two.



"But Lemonora has galloped home a most easy winner"

"The billowy *paniers*"

ONE has said that the crowd has been greater than it has ever been at the Grand Prix before. *C'est bien possible.* But it does become impossible to make the estimate when the people are so wedged on the *pelouse*. What is *bien vrai* is that it becomes almost impossible to find the *mannequins* in the crush of the paddock. For this reason the Grand Prix commences to disappoint as a display

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"The habit to go early to bed"

of the fashions. That I have observed particularly last year, and this year it has been a feature more pronounced. There are those who say that the *mannequins* are there in the vast numbers as ever and that the frocks are as gay and as gorgeous as of old. But one is tempted to suspect that the fashion houses have made a change, and now make the concentration on the Prix des Drags at Auteuil—the "Ladies Day" of two days before. At the Prix des Drags of this year there has been all the old glory of the gown. Besides the hundreds of the ethereal *mannequins* floating gauzily by in the billowy *paniers*, and seemingly borne on the waves of lace, there have been the equal hundreds of the "amateurs," similarly unsubstantial in their restlessly swaying robes. One has noticed at Auteuil and at Longchamps an absence of the freaks. In the despite of the heat there have not been visible the bare legs or the painted knees. Nor have there been the magpie mannerisms of the black stocking for the left leg and the white for the right. The tendency has been rather to the other extreme to put all but the ankles beyond the range of criticism, for most of the frocks have been quite long, many so long as to trail in the dust.

IF it is that the houses of fashion make the experiment to sacrifice the Grand Prix in favour of the Prix des Drags, it is another sign of the uncertainty of the season and the people. While it is clear that Tout Paris would go to the races, the *élite* of fashion, who have been to the fore for the previous two years, have been noticeably absent from the other festivities which come to make up the *Grande Semaine*. In this busy week of social giddiness one has been required to attend at four Grands Bals for the benefit of the charities. But they have not had the momentum that has been necessary to make them the unqualified success. The moonlight fête of Pavlova, who has danced on the lawns to the playing of the fountains, and amid the wondrous lights across the waters of the lakes of Bagatelle, has been hampered by the weather. But the others were the indoor celebrations. Yet the only one to be much success has been the American hospital rally of Americans, which has had the benefit of the Harry Pilcer, Leonora Hughes, and Maurice boom. All the elements have appeared to be present to make a triumph of the Bal du Grand Prix on the eve of the great day, but somehow it has lacked the "swing." There has been the exquisite decoration in scarlet and mauve, and a very large attendance of the leaders of society and the celebrities of the stage. There has been also the "impulse" of a contingent of art students and models, resolute revellers who have determined to infuse the gaiety by appearing in the costumes of the Quat'z' Arts. But the infusion has not quickened the rest of the assembly into the jollification. At the early hour of one-thirty the dancers have begun to trickle away in a stream of taxicabs.

"The black for the left and the white for the right"

IT is clear that the habit to go early to bed possesses still the insistent call to an important proportion of the Parisians. While the daytime fêtes may produce the brilliant audiences, the after-midnight revels do certainly fail to retain them. It will be of the utmost strange to see the effect at Deauville, where I have just been to book a villa, and where I have had the surprise to find it has been neither difficult nor dear. I have thought it has been needful to make the preliminary visit while all has been quiet, but it has looked as if Deauville will not have the gaiety this year as in the last. Well, one shall soon be there to see.

ROLAND

A Fiancé's Financial Fiasco

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

THE TRAGEDY OF IT!!

"Haven't you been engaged to Harry long enough to get married?"
"Too long, he hasn't a penny left!"

ONE of the most gracious books published of late is Lord Shaw of Dunfermline's *Letters to Isabel* (Cassell: 21*s.* net). It is not an autobiography. Heaven forbid that it should be, although "Tommy" Shaw, as he is still affectionately called by his friends, could write a mighty good full-dress affair if he chose. But his letters make up a little and most fragrant collection of memories of an active and successful life. Lord Shaw is a remarkable man with a remarkable career. He has been called many names. He has been Lord Advocate of Scotland. He obtained a million of money from Carnegie. He was within an ace of being Chief Secretary for Ireland—in which case history might have been different, for Shaw had his own ideas about Ireland, which were not always popular. Now he is a peer, and can make about the best after-dinner speech you are likely to hear.

* *

THE getting of that million from Carnegie for free University education in Scotland reads like a romance: it alone lifts the book up to the heights. But all these letters are joyous outpourings from a warm-hearted man whom not even the Law could succeed in suppressing. Like his beloved chief, C.-B. (of whom he has much to say here), Shaw's sense of fun helped him on, is helping him on to-day. This is a book very typical of the man, a warm, human book full of quiet laughter and not above an occasional pawky conceit. It is a joy to read it through from cover to cover.

* *

IN his new novel Mr. E. L. Grant Watson keeps to his South Sea Islands. *Shadow and Sunlight* (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is not, perhaps, so ambitious as its two predecessors, but it contains some very fine work. The problem it treats of is not altogether new. James Blunt, the only white man living near to the cocoanut groves of far-away Matana, has sloughed off most of that western civilisation in which he was brought up as a child. He lives with the natives, who trust him, and not unnaturally there have been one or two black ladies in his house. This fact, however, hurts the gentle soul of a British missionary, who arranges for a white lady to come out from England to look after him and give him back what he has lost. When Eva Dixon, keen Christian, and James Blunt, hard pagan, come together there is bound to be a struggle. How will these two so opposite creatures react on one another? That in itself might not be so difficult a problem, but there are the natives to consider: the white woman's arrival alters their outlook. Mr. Watson's story is grim, but very wonderfully told. The end is tragic, but inevitable.

* *

MISS MORGAN GIBBON'S second book, *Helen Marsden* (Hutchinson: 8*s.* 6*d.* net), runs along conventional lines, but it runs with a pleasant swing. The people about Helen are natural souls. As children she and Billy have a poor enough time with a rascally rector—his death, by the way, is far too melodramatic—and as grown-ups they nearly go apart for all time. But after an initial mistake on his part about another girl, and an initial mistake on her part about herself—young people *can* be so silly when they like, can't they?—things end happily enough, and you thank Miss Gibbon for a quiet little story.

* *

THAT admirable "thriller," *Stealthy Terror*, now has a successor in *The Dark Geraldine* (Lane: 8*s.* 6*d.* net). Mr. John Ferguson is not an ordinary writer of detective stories. He writes really well, and takes pains with his characters. They are not merely true to magazine-type. Who or what the dark Geraldine may be I have not the smallest intention of saying; it will be sufficient to point out that two well-known gentlemen in a Scottish village do not mysteriously die without some very good reason; nor does a third receive strange instructions to put something of which he knows nothing at all on a certain bridge at a certain hour on a certain night, unless something very queer is afoot. And, indeed, something very queer is afoot in quiet little Gart. A man fishes all day where any fool can tell him no fish will be found. A General, newly arrived, tells stories of adventure which are by no means true. An American sells optical instruments in Gart, which seems almost a waste of time when you remember the size of its population. But things right themselves in the end, of course, and the mystery is solved.

* *

MR. HAROLD BEGBIE is determined to be cheerful and bright. His new novel, *The Ways of Laughter* (Hutchinson: 8*s.* 6*d.* net), tells the story of old Mathew Barnet, who tries to make the great Professor Napper and his daughter see the gay things of life—gay in the Dickensian sense. Mr. Barnet's tragedy, of course, is to be found in the fact that Dickens forgot to invent him. Otherwise he is a nice old boy, though his fondness for suburban slang—or is it Mr. Begbie's?—does not seem to fit him. Miss Napper has an unfortunate love-affair, and so has her father, but Mr. Barnet is there to play kindly uncle, and so all's well.

R. S.

MISS MAY VIVIAN

Who is exhibition-dancing with Henry de Bray at "Chez Pan," the new dance resort at Ostend for the season

A Court Affaire

BY REGINALD HIGGINS

"PEOPLE LOOKING?—WHAT PEOPLE?"

Behind the Scenes

BY HARRY WOOLLEY

MAKING HER FORTUNE

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *July* 11

DEAR COUSIN—

YES, really and truly, *am* back in England now, after flying, rushing, tearing visit to Belgium and its battlefields and all its memories of the War that we're all, or most of us, trying so hard to forget. Good, perhaps, though, after all, to be reminded just now and then of the sort of things we — and others — went through in those awful days.

卐 卐

JUST two years ago it was, I think, that we were simply frightfully busy celebrating peace, the real, final sort of peace, I mean, all officially signed and sealed and ratified. And when, by the way, it rained heavily, persistently, through a whole night and a day, washing out to limp nothingness all the flags and things we hung out for the occasion and bedraggling all the symbols of gladness and of the great era that was to give us a new and regenerated world. Was it an omen, I wonder?

"Of the gallant battle-fighters"

卐 卐

TWO years have passed, and still we seem to be more or less (rather less, if anything) hopefully looking out for the arrival of that New World which our ever-exuberant P.M. so enthusiastically prophesied. Still we await, with a somewhat dimmed and dulled expectation, perhaps, the outward and visible signs of that promised Golden Age—

> Of the wonderful days a-coming,
> When all shall be better than well.

Still prices soar and politicians wrangle and soldiers starve, and still there are wars and rumours of wars, at home and abroad.

卐 卐

AND still, too, meanwhile, there stand in gallant little Belgium, which bore the first brunt of the greatest and bloodiest war that ever was, the memorials, eloquent in their silent terror, of the struggle that devastated the world and cost us so many millions of splendid young lives. Ypres—it is just a shattered monument of long-drawn years of heroism and suffering. Zeebrugge, with the *Iphigenia* and *Intrepid* and *Thetis* still lying in the channel, remains a solemn tribute to one of the bravest and most dashing deeds of the war, even though they've just started a brand new smart steamer service from Harwich and back for lightning trips to the spot where Sir Roger Keyes and his men flung themselves so audaciously, that historic midnight, against the carefully guarded submarine base of the horrid Hun.

卐 卐

LOUVAIN, too, and those wonderful forts at Liège—to go round the famous shattered cupola fort of Loncin with the commandant who defended it to the last, in the first weeks of August, 1914, is to be hurled with a clash right back into all the anxieties and griefs and hopes and fears of the days when we were still but half-awakened to the meaning and the horrors of war. When (do you remember?) we saw only as in a glass darkly the things that might and were to happen, the agonies and the griefs that were to go on piling themselves up for us relentlessly, unceasingly, for over four years on end.

卐 卐

BEEN a real Belgian week, by the way, this last one, hasn't it, what with the tall King Albert and his charming Queen very much in the picture here in London —reached ceremoniously by boat and train this time instead of the usual 'plane, because of the Queen's

"And politicians wrangle"

frocks, I s'pose, for State banquets and balls, which, after all, you *must* have room for so's they shan't get crushed out of all recognition, what?

The tiny Victorian parasol of the moment

卐 卐

Two years ago . . . when still our memories were fresh and vivid of the gallant battle-fighters now at rest, of whom Rupert Brooke—himself to be one of their company—wrote:

These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
That men call age.

And as another of our War-poets sang:

Night came too soon for all of these,
Love was forgotten with their sleep;
To-day they dream 'neath cypress trees. . . .
And men forget to weep.

卐 卐

Do men forget? I wonder. Not all men, I think, and certainly not women. And if one *does* remember, real griefs don't, somehow, get lighter, do they, with the lapse of years? Deeper, in fact, perhaps—when you realise more and more clearly, after

The tumult and the shouting dies,

that the last word has been said, the last hand-clasp taken, the curtain finally and forever drawn. . . . "That is not to-day may come to-morrow, but yesterday will never come again," as someone once wrote. But all the same, as the same philosopher put it ("Barbellion," I believe) in the end, I suppose, "resignation slowly scatters its balm upon wounded memory, determination steels itself to shape the world anew."

卐 卐

Anyway, that's really the only wise philosophy, isn't it? and, after all, it's a lovely world, and the sun still shines—even if it's been doing it just a shade too thoroughly and fiercely these days just past and gone, too. Getting accustomed to drought in our restaurants and places, aren't we, but when it comes to keeping even the poor old earth without a drink for months and months and months, seems like carrying the craze almost just a little too far, what?

卐 卐

Still, as someone's remarked, I do think this second half of the year does find us rather more cheerful than the first one did. Strikes are over, after all—till the next one starts—and for these last weeks of the season, with even the trains running again early and often, we can fairly let ourselves go with a sigh of relief and no sense of guilt to enjoy whatever the good gods may send us. Including, by the way, quite a glittering array of new plays, and dances, private *and* public, to bring this rather chequered season to a joyful and triumphant close.

卐 卐

And this week, to give everything a good round-off, there's that delightful Eclipse meeting at that loveliest of racecourses, Sandown Park, which nestles so picturesquely against its background of clustering trees. Not to mention the 'Varsity air races as well, which follow at Hendon last week's 'Varsity cricket at Lord's—and'll be, perhaps, one hopes, anyway, just a little airier and cooler to watch, especially with nothing more serious than the tiny Victorian parasol of the moment to keep off the fierce rays of a sun that at last and for once we've been having really almost our full and proper ration of.

Hopes and fears of the days when we were still but half-awakened to the meaning and the horrors of war

卐 卐

Meanwhile . . . how history does repeat itself! Two years ago — once more — we were being busily told by our pastors and masters all about how "Work and Sacrifice must be our watchwords. Co-operation, production, and thrift are the great needs of time, etc., etc." Sounds very oddly fresh and familiar, somehow, doesn't it? Seem to have heard something very like it quite lately, in fact—and all just as if it was quite a new idea, and the secret (discovered at last) of how to put the world straight once more and regenerate the tottering fortunes of the nation and all that sort of thing, what?

卐 卐

Can we really have been taking the same medicine all the time? Seems to take a fairish time to start properly working, if so, anyway, doesn't it?

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette

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Sports and Pastimes

THE HARROW AND—

C. T. BENNETT

who captained the "Hill" eleven at the really fine match at Lord's last week

—ETON CAPTAINS

THE HON. D. F. BRAND

who helped to score such a decisive victory over Winchester recently

YACHTING

The Clyde Fortnight

THERE is one class of the sporting community to which the type of weather which has been experienced of late makes no particular appeal. Yachtsmen are almost as dissatisfied with it as are agriculturalists. If the land suffered from lack of rain, the sea suffered equally badly from lack of wind. Last year the Clyde fortnight was a fortnight of hard weather, and one race, in which the King's cutter, *Britannia*, was first home (as in several others), was historic. It was sailed in a gale of wind, and the King himself turned to and worked with a will alongside of his men when his ship was half crippled by the carrying away of some of her gear.

Britannia's Bad Luck

THIS year's Clyde fortnight was the exact antithesis of its predecessor. The matches were for the most part drifting matches—sailed in the lightest of light airs, and won by the boat which was lucky enough to pick them up while her rivals lay becalmed. The results were, consequently, inconclusive, and *Britannia*, moreover, was not one of the lucky ones. They proved, however, that the King's yacht, restored to something like her old racing trim, is still in the hunt with her more modern rivals in anything like a true breeze. It is possible, therefore, that the winning flag, which was denied her on the Clyde, will have been gained by the time this issue of THE BYSTANDER appears in print.

Photograph *James Press Agency*

COMING TO COWES

Four American six-metre yachts are competing for the new British-American cup in team races at Cowes Regatta. The above is a snap of Jeanie, designed, built and owned by Mr. Sterling Burgess, in partnership with Vice-Commodore Frank Paine

CRICKET

"If—ing"

THE heading, "Why we lost," is a fashionable one with the up-to-date journalist of to-day. Under it we expect to find—and are usually not disappointed—an excuse, or a batch of excuses, more or less ingeniously conceived. We are asked to comfort ourselves with the reflection that but for this, or but for that, we might have won. I have a friend, whom I seldom meet except in winter when Rugby football is on the *tapis*, who aptly describes this mental process as "If-ing." We should have beaten America at polo *if* our men had been able to hit goals; Tilden would not be lawn tennis champion to-day *if* Norton had not committed *hari-kari*: Beresford would not have lost the Diamonds to Eyken at Henley *if* he had not been so chivalrous, and so on.

The Lesson of Leeds

BUT the reason why we lost the third Test Match at Leeds to Australia admits of no excuse, and only one explanation. It is that the Australians are better cricketers than we are. It is a simple truth from which we should derive much benefit, and for which the Australians are entitled to their just due. They are our superiors, just now, in every department of the game, as they have been before. Some day (as has also happened before) the boot may be on the other leg, and the metamorphosis will occur when English cricket is less hampered by the subtle and sinister influences of hero-worship.

The 'Varsity Match

THE 'Varsity match of 1920 — which might have produced a great struggle between two strong sides was rendered abortive by rain. Because Oxford had such a large percentage of Old Choices available this year the conclusion was jumped at, somewhat hastily that they would be a match for Cambridge, admittedly a fine side. They were not. After showing promise early in the season they "trained on" so to speak, into an eleven

(Continued on page 94)

The 'Varsity Match

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE PLAYERS

Cambridge won their match against Oxford fairly easily by an innings and twenty-four runs; it was surprising how the latter were completely out-bowled and out-batted. A great day for Hubert Ashton, the brother of the Cambridge captain, his century will be remembered as a really great piece of batting

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

of very dubious calibre. All sorts of excuses were made for their very poor showing in their trial match with the M.C.C., but it was just about all that they were capable of. This was proved in no uncertain fashion by the hollow victory gained by Cambridge last week. They showed themselves to be so much better than Oxford as the Australians were better than England. Only in one particular did Oxford live up to the traditions of the match. Their fielding, like that of Cambridge, was very fine; but in batting and bowling they were outclassed.

ATHLETICS

Two Great Milers

RECORDS are made to be broken. The breaking of them is impressive in proportion to the length of time for which they have stood. In 1902, J. Binks, of the Unity A.C., set up a fresh British Amateur record for the mile—4 min. 16 4-5th sec.—and, incidentally, surprised himself and several of his more fancied rivals in the doing of it. His record, unapproached for nineteen years, has now been beaten by A. G. Hill (Olympic Champion) of the Polytechnic Harriers, in the A.A.A. Championships, not by a matter of fifths, but by three whole seconds (4 min. 13 4-5th sec.) as well as by H. B. Stallard, the Cambridge Blue, who finished two yards astern of Hill in 4 min. 14 1-5th sec. It was a great race, and it proved, apart from the prowess of the men engaged in it, that very hot, and (of course) windless weather is the weather which is most conducive to the making of records. Thirty-five years ago the greatest professional miler, W. G. George, ran his only rival, G. Cummings, to a standstill, and finished alone in 4 min. 12¾ sec. This record still stands as the absolute best; but it is quite on the cards that it will be beaten, either by Hill in this country in the course of the present month, or by Stallard while on tour with the 'Varsity team in America.

LAWN TENNIS

Wimbledon Afterthoughts

THE Wimbledon Meeting of 1921 will not go down to history as one of the greatest in the annals of the All-England Club. It was marred by unedifying incidents, and by a lot of very poor play. Anyone who says that the best lawn tennis, as played by men, is comparable to the best lawn tennis of pre-War days is talking bosh. The decline in Doubles play is more especially marked.

Photograph RECORD BREAKERS [*Central News*

A. G. Hill broke the British amateur record for the mile at the A.A.A. Championships held at Stamford Bridge. His time was 4 mins. 13 4/5 secs. H. B. Stallard, second, also created a record time

By Arthur Mailey

P. G. H. FENDER

A clever caricature, as seen by Mailey, the Australian bowler, of this well-known cricketer, who has been "skippering" the Surrey XI with great success this season

(*"Mailey's Googlies," a collection of cricketing cartoons, have just been issued in book form by Graphic Publications Ltd., Price One Shilling. Cricketers—and others—should not fail to secure a copy of this amusing book*)

The Crucial Test

IF there are men who are comparable to-day to the great players of the past in the actual matter of stroke making — which I very much doubt — what is it that at Wimbledon has stopped them from achieving real greatness? I attribute it to the fact that the duration of Wimbledon, always in itself a factor of importance, is the thing which now furnishes the crucial test. It was so before the War, but not, for many reasons, to the same extent. Wimbledon used to last for a fortnight sometimes in pre-War days, but this was either because of weather delays or else because more heed was paid to the possibility of a player being overworked. People with a predilection for picking holes used to say that the tournament was "spun out for the sake of the gate." But it was not so. The idea was to give the best players the chance of playing their best rather than to expose them to the risk of being ousted, not so much by the superiority of their adversaries as by the drain upon their physical resources occasioned by previous encounters. It is always unsatisfactory when a player is beaten, so to speak, by proxy.

The Last Shot

JUST by way of contrast there could not have been anything more conclusive than the supremacy of Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen among the lady players of the game. I emphasised (I venture to think quite truthfully) the keynote of that supremacy in last week's BYSTANDER. Next year may possibly see the completion of the new Wimbledon. If it does, Mlle. Lenglen will be able to cherish the recollection of having hit the last shot on the old centre court of immortal memory. It was a smash, and the vigour of it drove Mrs. Peacock's racket, in her effort to retrieve it, clean out of her hand. What a tragedy it would have been if the centre court's last shot had been a double fault!

H. S. S.

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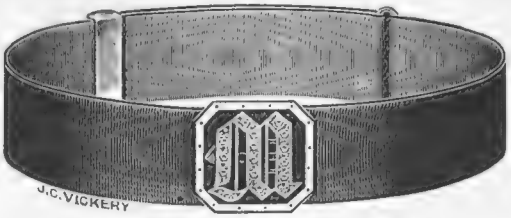

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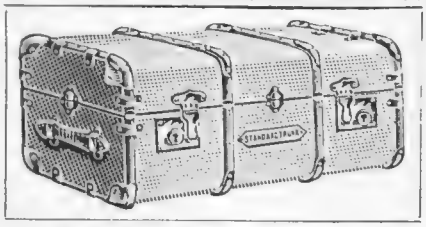

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RACING NOTIONS BY CARBINE

NEWMARKET AND SANDOWN PARK

Pinprick Removed

HAPPILY the ridiculous overcharge on the race-cards at Newmarket did not last long. The official who was responsible for instituting the increased price climbed down very quickly as the result of an interview with the Jockey Club Stewards, who appear to have been surprised that racegoers should so strongly resent this latest pinprick. Another proposed change which has been speedily revoked by the parties concerned is the decision to turn the Doncaster Cup into a handicap. Ably led by Mr. "Sommy" Tattersall, the chorus of disapproval which greeted this policy was so strong that the Doncaster Corporation lost no time in beating a retreat.

Town Moor "Poverty"

THE Doncaster people make a tremendous harvest out of the races, but they plead poverty when they are called upon to increase the value of their races. There is no reason why £10,000 should not be given in stake-money at the Doncaster meeting. The profits justify that distribution, but apparently the Corporation regards racing people as a community who should be deeply bled for the benefit of the town. Nobody begrudges them a substantial revenue; at the same time, there is no reason why the Jockey Club should not make the Corporation conform with the general scheme of increasing stake-money which has come into force since the War. If the Doncaster Cup were made of the same value as the Ascot Cup there would be no danger of the historic race suffering in importance and public interest.

Stewards on the Watch

THIS week we are at Newmarket again for the Second July Meeting. It is always rather a quiet gathering, but the racing promises to be of well sustained interest. I was glad to see that the Stewards were busy at headquarters a fortnight ago enquiring into instances of doubtful running. Several cases other than those that were investigated appeared to call for action. This is the time of year when owners and trainers are thinking of the nursery season, and handicappers have a perplexing task in dealing with two-year-olds who are obviously not ridden right out in their races. Some trainers seem to suppose there is nothing immoral in giving their horses "qualifying" races of this description, but the Stewards hold a contrary opinion, and their recent actions show that they intend to draw the line.

By "THE TOUT"

SIR ERNEST PAGET

Who is one of the patrons of the wonderful Gilpin stable, and owns the smart "Re-echo," the "Woodcote" winner—of whom, more anon! Sir Ernest owned "Corn Sack" when he won the "City" and also the useful "Paragon." He is a member of the Jockey Club, a director of the Midland Railway, and carries a long stick (we presume it's a mascot). His "home" meeting is Derby

The July Handicap

ON Wednesday the July Handicap contains many horses which are entered for the Stewards' Cup, and I expect the race will throw some light upon the popular Goodwood event. Barrulet is substantially weighted, but she is in such good form just now that I daresay she will be close up at the finish. My selection, however, is **The Night Patrol,** who appears to be nicely handicapped. On the same afternoon TETRABAZZIA or BLUE LADY should win the Falmouth Stakes for lucky Mr. Joseph Watson. On Thursday the Summer Handicap will bring out some good stayers, and **First Wheat** may win. For the Chesterfield Stakes, an important two-year-old event on the same day, I select **Spike Island.**

Eclipse Day

THE scene changes to Sandown Park on Friday, when the usual vast crowd will muster for the Eclipse Stakes. The way seems to be clear for Craig an Eran. Alan Breck is temporarily out of action, and Monarch is a doubtful stayer. There remains Silvern, who at his best would surely give Lord Astor's colt a good race, but he had a rare gruelling on the hard ground at Ascot. I choose **Craig an Eran** with as much confidence as I went for Buchan last year. The Surbiton Handicap may go to **Bravo,** and I look to the **Blanche Colt** to win the Great Kingston Plate.

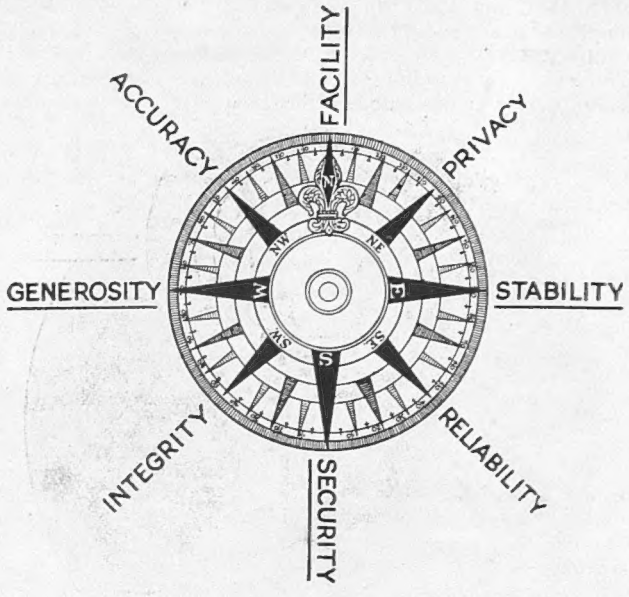
Saturday's Attraction

THE National Breeders Produce Stakes, which will be run on Saturday, is one of the most important two-year-old events of the season. The entry this time does not seem to be particularly brilliant, though there may be some smart "dark" youngsters in the entry, just as there was when Tetratema won. The King has a very fair chance with Joss House, while the best of the penalised colts are, apparently, Canterbury and Pondoland. The latter is one of many entries made by Mr. S. B. Joel, and if he can produce a better youngster than Pondoland he may win. My advice, therefore, is to follow Mr. S. Joel's colours in this race. The Royal Handicap should produce a good field, and Mrs. Arthur James may win with **White Ant.** The "Honourable George" can do with a change of luck.

NO LIMIT

DUGGIE'S CARDINAL POINTS

NO LIMIT



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MOTOR-NOTES

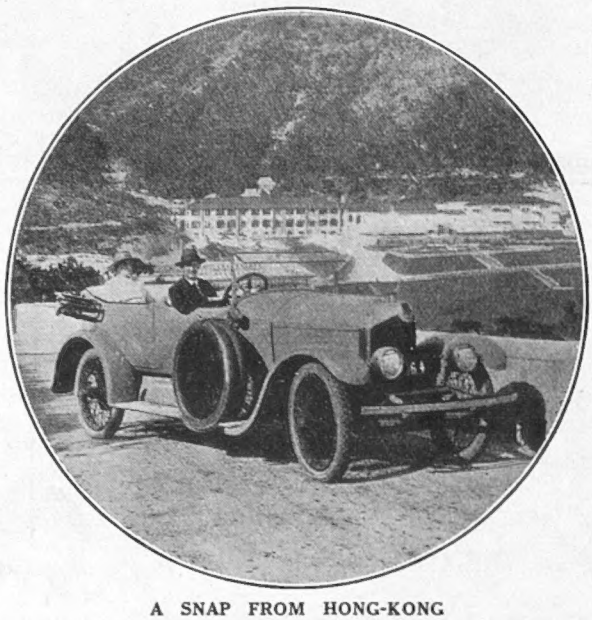
As the race for the Motor Grand Prix will have taken place before the August Bank Holiday meeting to be held on the Brooklands track, the executive there have included a three-litre scratch race with the hope that such cars that competed in the road race at Le Mans will try their luck against each other on the concrete motordrome. It is to be hoped that entries from the U.S.A. and French manufacturers will be received as well as from the home contingent of Bentley, Vauxhall, Talbot, Sunbeam, and Darracq, for though many hundreds of British motorists will make the journey to France to witness the struggle for victory in the most important road race of the year, there will be many thousands of them who cannot attend this classic event, and so will welcome the Brooklands opportunity to see the cars on the track.

* * *

This August meeting at Weybridge will be a topper, as already the entries are a bumper, so that it has been decided only to put up the names of the non-starters in each race so as to avoid confusion on the scoring-board due to the large number of cars that will run in each of the twelve events in the programme.

* * *

A number of the cars that are new models for this year are making excellent reputations for their makers. In the small division there are the Riley family car, an enticing proposition at £500, the sports model A.C. with its mile-a-minute on the track guarantee, and the Morris-Oxford for its sterling road qualities. Then there is the new 19.6 h.p. Crossley which is giving great satisfaction as an all-round useful bus with laudaulette or open touring bodies, while the 12–15 h.p. Clement-Talbot is as speedy as its famous progenitor of pre-war days when it was the champion hill-climbing winner of its class. As for the new "three-litre" Bentley this is steadily gaining favour as a swift touring vehicle, while the aero-type engined new Napier has become the car *de luxe* of the moment—a proud position—by reason of its smooth, silent, and speedy performance.



A SNAP FROM HONG-KONG

A Crossley car at Hong-Kong with the well-known Repulse Bay Hotel in the background

* * *

Lanchesters still keep up their old fame for being as comfortable as an easy chair to ride in, while now Rolls-Royce have reduced their cost in manufacture they are giving their customers the benefit in a lower selling price, but the value is as good as ever, if not better. Which is some value, indeed, as our U.S.A. friends

(*Continued on page 100*)

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
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By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain

Mistress of the Seas

WHICH?

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY

I have yet to meet the woman who will not declare, with a charming simulation of martyrdom, how much she would rather have been born a man, had the gods permitted her a choice.

But is not this merely a further evidence of her eternal dissembling?

Is there not hidden in her sighs the subtle bait of flattery to man; whilst, laughing inwardly, she observes the puffed out chest, emboldened eye, and peacock stride, as he preens himself complacently at this acknowledgment of his unassailable superiority?

So, in his generosity, to say nothing of his innate decency, he perforce must yield her more. For man must work and woman must bleat.

And shrinkingly she surrenders to the super-magnificence of his strength, timidly marvels at his vast intelligence, revels luxuriously in the brilliance of his wit, and is complacently overcome by the munificence of his provision for her as the "weaker" sex.

Then with his sentimental heart bleeding with pity, he is shocked to see her frail body shivering in georgette, and in his manliness wraps her back to warmth—in chinchilla.

And in one great heart-throb the whole world pulsates in sympathy.

Even the birds throb in harmony, and for her the osprey gladly strips itself of its breast feathers.

And the unborn lamb offers astrachan, and the bird of paradise his tail.

And, that her neck may be protected, the fathoms of the sea are dived for pearls, and the bowels of the earth are evacuated that diamonds may adorn her.

And that her ears may be soothed wonderful music is composed; that her eyes may be pleased artists paint her in flattering colours; and that her lips may be appealed to—luscious fruits are grown.

And, lest she should pine in her captivity, writhe in her subjugation, or shyly protest man's arrogation of freedom, she is conceded the rights of the utterly virtuous,—to play with Plato, to joke with Juan, to leisurely lunch with Lycius, and dallyingly dine with Dionysus.

Woman's lot is indeed hard, but in these days perhaps man's is stonier.

I often wonder which I would prefer.

* * * * * *

And how splendidly god-like we feel as we don our 1919 dress suit in order to outshine her 1921 Poiret. But that is our tribute and our sacrifice, our economy and our conservatism;—those unwomanly attributes. So, those who would vie with their opposite sex may do so especially at this House—and at a figure as modest as a woman's thought. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d. Overcoats from £8 8s.

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MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

say. The number of Armstrong-Siddeley cars that are to be seen on the roads in all parts of the country are the best evidence of this maker's popularity and value as a motor-carriage. "Handsome is as handsome does," is apparently its motto, and the testimony of the roads is showing that it seems to be doing all right.

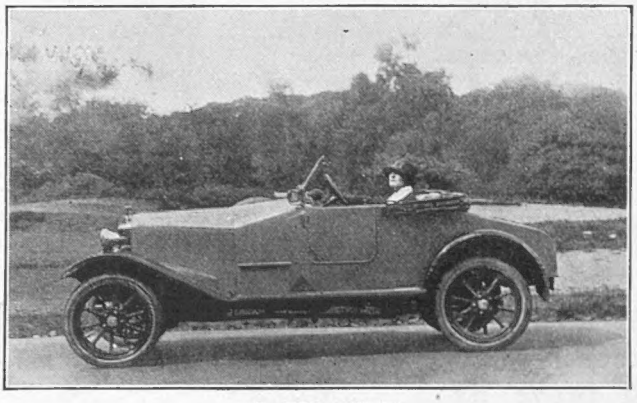
* * *

MOTORISTS to-day have so many good and useful cars to make their choice from that it practically becomes a question of what money they have to spend which they decide to buy. And, notwithstanding all the pessimistic talk of "no business doing" anywhere in any trade yet, I know Daimlers are selling between twenty and thirty of their 45 h.p. and 30 h.p. cars each week to those folk who really need a dignified looking carriage with imposing coachwork, and yet unobtrusive in appearance. The Sizaire-Berwick, the high-class four-cylinder car, is also disposing of a regular output each week to the public, and everybody will be glad to hear that these sales are improving and not dropping off, so one hopes to see it on its stand at Olympia next November free from financial worries.

TALKING about that show, by the way, there will be quite a lot of absentees if the S.M.M.T. insist on their ancient rule that no firm in which a Receiver is in charge will be allowed to exhibit. Considering that a Receiver is usually an officer of the Court, and there is little fear that any liabilities incurred by him will not be paid, this rule seems a bit out of date nowadays. But, there, we shall see what we shall see when the time comes of rushing between the White City and Olympia to discover novelties.

* * *

REALLY these motor bikes are wonderful. Fancy 500 miles in 7 hrs. 6 min., over 70 miles an hour all the time, and practically from London to Edinburgh (in actual distance) in 4½ hrs. That's what Le Vack on the big Indian accomplished last Saturday week, and what is more some thirty-two other machines also finished this long race on the Brooklands track well inside twelve hours, and the best part of them inside nine hours. Indians, Harley-Davidsons, Norton, Anzani-Zenith, Triumph, Zenith, J.A.P., Matchless, Martinsyde, Ivy, Douglas, New Imperial, Levis, New Comet, R. W. Scout, and Wooler machines all covered themselves with glory, and certificates of merit showing how reliable the modern motor-cycle is for sustained effort.



AT THE WHEEL

Miss Lois Roma, acting in the "League of Notions," driving a two-seater 12 h.p. A.B.C. car

* * *

THE public now know that both big, medium, and small sized machines are capable to be trusted to do any long journey right off the reel without failing, if they had not this knowledge beforehand. It was a unique race, and the British Motor-Cycle Racing Club deserve many thanks for organising this event for the Martin Gold Cup and other prizes from the motor-cycling world, and for their excellent methods in carrying it out without a hitch.

OLD HY.

MOTORISTS!

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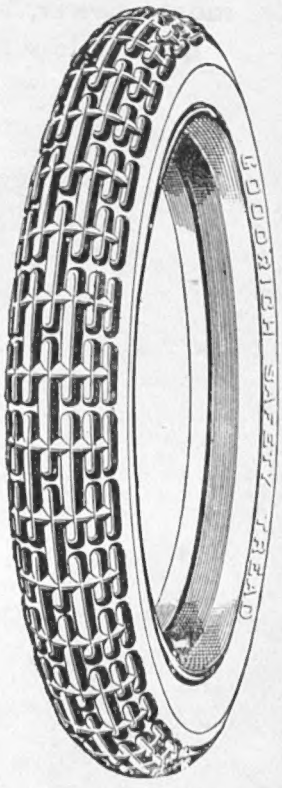

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